

THE FIELD AFAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS

"DILIGENTIBUS DEUM, OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM.—Rom. viii., 28.



"TO, THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

VOL. I. No. 2.

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THE INFANT ASYLUM AT NING-PO.

Infants brought here have been abandoned by their unnatural parents and are cared for by the sisters until old enough to be put out to nurse. At the present moment there are about 180 babies out with nurses who come on the first of each month to report with their little charges and to receive payment for their service. At the age of five years these children are taken to the Orphanage. Most of the children brought to this house are in such a wretched state that there is barely time to baptize them. Twenty cents is the usual price paid for a baby. This is given as a kind of wage to the person who brings the infant.

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62 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

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WHILE it is not the intention of The FIELD AFAR to weary its readers with unending statistics, certain facts and figures, which may be considered vital should be impressed from the beginning, while others will be presented from time to time as the subject demands. We ask our readers first of all to make a study of this diagram which has been drawn from the figures of Michael Mulhall, the late distinguished Irish statistician.

Jews	8 millions
Schismatics	90 "
Heretics	112 "
Catholics	236 "
Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, Pagans, and other Non-Christians	1400 "

You will notice that Catholics form about one-eighth of the earth's population; that more than *fourteen hundred millions* of people are still in absolute darkness concerning the revelation of Jesus Christ; consequently that for every Catholic man, woman or child, there are *six* heathen. If you are a Catholic, dear reader,—a lover of Christ, not in name but in truth, do you accept the responsibility for your *six*? If you will not to whom can they turn?

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RETURNS for the missions, made during 1906, from the various dioceses in France have not yet been announced, but from individual missionaries in different parts of the world we learn that their work is already handicapped through the discontinuance of *special gifts* from friends and benefactors in France.

IF we possess the true faith, we owe it, under God, to missionaries who left their own country to teach our ancestors. Let us share our inheritance with others. Christianity blesses and uplifts. All, and especially the young whose life work is before them, should be taught to extend the love of Christ. The child will better understand what Christianity means if he learns to make an occasional sacrifice for the support of missions. He will realize more fully the idea of sacrifice, and its possibilities even in this age of luxury, if he becomes acquainted with the lives and adventures of Catholic apostles in the wildernesses of this earth.

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WE call the attention of our readers to the new bi-monthly publication issued from the Central Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Its title, —CATHOLIC MISSIONS,—at once claims our interest, and the contents of the first number give promise of its usefulness. Up to the present we have had no world-embracing mission magazine printed in this country with the exception of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." The latter is translated from the edition published in Lyons, France, and has never succeeded in arousing any considerable enthusiasm among our people. "CATHOLIC MISSIONS" may well form the basis for a closer study of the work of evangelization carried on by the Church of Christ, and will be a welcome visitor at the office of THE FIELD AFAR. We trust that through these columns CATHOLIC MISSIONS will obtain many subscribers.

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CHINA is face to face with another famine. The history of these sad periodic events makes depressing reading. Only the cold facts come over the wire. The real sufferings of past famines have been described almost in letters of blood by missionaries. The barest reference, if any at all, is made to their personal wants, but behind the heart-rending details of the havoc in their flocks we may see their own privations and needs. What lives these missionaries lead in times of famine it is hard for us who eat the bread of plenty to appreciate. Their food, poor and limited under most favorable conditions, in such awful distress as now exists in China, what must it be! With bodies poorly nourished they attempt to do the mighty work of God until they fall victims of starvation, having given all they had to the material and spiritual succor of their children. We ought to assist them.

HISTORY repeats itself, and the Church may yet lose ground which she has gained. During the past Summer, in England, the writer had an opportunity to read a letter of congratulation sent by a young missionary from India to his Superior General, the Very Rev. F. Henry, of Mill Hill, on the occasion of the latter's silver jubilee. After gracefully felicitating Father Henry, the missionary dwelt on his own work which promises to be fruitful. Among other things he said, "My greatest difficulty at present is my unfinished church. A hundred years ago in the surrounding villages there were flourishing missions. These were lost on account of the French Revolution, when no priest could be supplied here. The Hindu rulers had given to the Catholic Church a large plot of ground free of taxes. This ground is still the property of the Church, as the English, when they took the country, respected our right to it. To-day, however, the government is anxious to tax the property, and will do so unless a good substantial church is built. Two years ago our poor old church was most arbitrarily condemned as unfit for use and we were told that unless we could build a new one within three years, we must give up the land. In the past two years my predecessor has managed to erect the walls, and only one year remains for the more difficult part—the roof. "Providence," he continues, "will have to help me, for I do not know where to get in that time the required amount."

Here we find a struggle for existence in a mission once prosperous, discouraging it would seem, the more so as the present condition of France will bring about elsewhere similar experiences.

However, Catholic missionaries always struggle in hope. The young man thus closes his letter to his General:—"I am still as happy and as healthy as usual. The Indian climate does not seem to affect me, although we have had a hard time of it this hot season. For days and days it was 115° in the shade. Poor Father F. is still suffering much as a result. He was in very bad condition but I think will be better. The other Fathers are all doing well. If we are careful in the sun, India is not so bad. As a mission it is certainly a most promising field; what more do we want? Never yet for a moment have I regretted leaving my native land.

"Begging a remembrance in your prayers,
I am, dear Father General, your obedient son in Christ,
J. A.

SOME APPRECIATIONS.

It will interest our readers to see some of the comments made on the appearance of THE FIELD AFAR. These were numerous and all kindly. We quote a few from different sources.

The first, taken from the *Boston Evening Transcript*, though written by a non-Catholic, will be no less useful, though more critical, than those which follow:—

The Boston Transcript, Jan. 12, 1907.

Another modest but interesting periodical has been added to the number of religious journals whose headquarters are in Boston. This new venture is a Roman Catholic Mission Paper, *The Field Afar*, and its first issue bears the date Jan. 1, 1907. It is devoted to the interests of Catholic missions, and the attractive make-up and skillful editing of its sixteen pages show the practiced hand and keen foresight of the director for the archdiocese of Boston of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, an organization which expends over a million dollars in propaganda every year in foreign lands, and which for more than four score years has been the main agency through which the Roman Catholics have sought to convert the heathen in foreign lands. The *Field Afar* represents a tendency also at work in Protestant missionary societies to-day—namely, the effort to bring to the members of the home churches a sense of their responsibility for the foreign work. The clergy and laity of the archdiocese of Boston are the special objects of approach on the part of Father Walsh, whose journalistic venture has the hearty encouragement of the Archbishop. The cover is adorned with a picture of thirty Catholic missionaries in Japan, with Bishop Cousin in the centre and Father Corré of the leper settlement in Kumamoto at the extreme left. Scattered through the pages are interesting accounts of activities in China, Japan, Morocco and other distant lands, while the nearer field of Porto Rico is brought vividly to the attention, where it is said that the Redemptorist Fathers, some of whom are well-known in Boston, are doing an important work in winning back to religious practices many who had become indifferent. The labors there of Father Feeney, who died in October, are biographically set forth.

Evidently the editor of this paper keeps apprized of the methods employed by Protestants to develop missionary interest, and he spurs the laymen of his church to doing their part by pointing to the army of workers which Protestants maintain abroad. He thinks, too, that France, in view of the present crisis of the Church, may not be able to furnish, as she has in the past, more than half of the moneys used for mission work as well as two-thirds of the workers. From many points of view the paper deserves attention. It reflects the purposefulness and energy so much in evidence at present in the Boston archdiocese. The appeal for money is insistent and definite but is based on the highest spiritual considerations, and while I could not indorse all the sentiments and assertions on the editorial page, I am glad to say "Amen" to those noble words: "If we confine our love for Christ to His presence in our own souls, He will not remain long with us. If we narrow our charity to a small circle it will soon lose its warmth. The love of Christ cannot be confined; like

the flame—charity must expand or it will die."

Donahoe's Magazine, Feb., 1907.

We extend fraternal greetings to *The Field Afar*, a new publication (Boston, Mass.) having for its purpose, as its name implies, the making known of the work being done by the Church in foreign lands. The first number represents an interesting table of contents; one feature, of special and tender interest to the many friends of the late Rev. James Feeney, C. S. R.,—who cheerfully volunteered for the mission in Porto Rico,—is the sketch of his life and missionary labors.

It is to be hoped that *The Field Afar* will meet with such appreciation that the subscription list will speedily surpass even the most sanguine expectations of its energetic editor, who spares no effort to extend the great work of the Propagation of the Faith.

The Republic, Jan. 12, 1907.

The appearance of *The Field Afar*, the missionary paper, was greeted with favorable comments everywhere. The press throughout the city spoke of it in terms of praise. It is evident that just such a paper has a peculiar field. Father Walsh, through the information he has dispensed at various times, has provided copy to the dailies for big feature stories. That he should avail himself of the worth of those stories in some more material way, and as a contributing help to the noble work his society is doing, but was natural.

The Catholic Transcript (Editorial), Jan. 3, 1907.

There is a genuine catholicity in the choice of topics and in the selection of contributors. The literary character of the initial number is highly commendable. There is throughout a flavor of apostolicity which should make friends for the great Society which has done, and is doing, marvels for the diffusion of the Catholic religion.

Our best wishes go out to *The Field Afar*. To those who wish to ascertain what the missionary activity of the Church amounts to, its methods, its hopes and ambitions, we take pleasure in directing attention to the latest corner into the field of religious journalism.

Extension.

The Field Afar has more than a most appropriate name. It is a genuinely good and well edited missionary publication.

From Father Elliott, C. S. P.

This is to offer you my sincere congratulations on the first number of *The Field Afar*. How well you know how to draw that far distant scene of glorious exploit for God close to our souls. May the spirit of Truth and Love guide you to a great success. Very faithfully yours,

WALTER ELLIOTT.

From Father Klauder, (Redemptorist).

The reading of this small paper must certainly inflame the zeal of everyone who has the interests of Jesus Christ at heart.

REV. FRANCIS E. KLAUDER, C.S.S.R.



OUR LATEST BOOK.

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs appeared shortly after the first issue of THE FIELD AFAR. Appreciations of this little book have also been generous, as the following extracts, taken from various reviews and letters, will show:—

The American Ecclesiastical Review, Feb., 1907.

In an exquisitely printed little volume and handsomely illustrated, Father Walsh gives us the story of three priests, alumni of the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, who laid down their lives as martyrs for the Faith within the last fifty years. . . . It is to the author of this pretty volume that we also owe a separate (English) version of the beautiful story of the Abbé Théophane Vénard's life and martyrdom, published some time ago. What makes these sketches of modern martyrs of particular value and interest is the *thoughts* culled mainly from their correspondence and conversations with friends, some of whom are still living? Our author relates what he learned from the lips of those who stood nearest to these self-sacrificing young priests during their lives in the seminary and while on their mission. Publications like these are signs of the general awakening to the consciousness of the glorious career which the Foreign Missions open for our young students, at a time when the spirit of self-interest and comfortable living is threatening to dry up the fountains of Christian self-sacrifice among American Catholics.

Catholic Standard and Times, Feb. 9, 1907.

The lives from which these "thoughts" have been collated are those of Just de Bretenières, priest of the Foreign Missions, who was beheaded, after cruel tortures, in Corea, in the year 1866; Théophane Vénard, also priest of the same order, who was martyred in Tonquin in 1861, and Henri Doré, also of the missions, a fellow-martyr with Father Bretenières in Corea, in the same year (1866). We know of no kind of reading that so elevates the soul as the words of those blessed elect who go to the rack, the fire and the block, rejoicing that they are thus privileged to share the sufferings of the Master whom they serve and to seal their devotion to His cause with their noble blood. Those sayings picked out from their lives are truly precious stones of literature, each one coming from the heart of Faith and love. A beautiful collection of them is furnished at the end of each of these miniature biographies, and we hope they may find many readers because of the good their perusal is likely to effect.

Catholic Fortnightly Review.

These letters one might term models of the epistolary style, except that this expression seems too formal to apply to such natural, simple, and spontaneous communications. They are so real that the echo of the living voice of the writer seems to linger about the page as one reads. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith of the Boston Archdiocese has done a real service to American readers by placing this book within easy reach.

The Pilot.

This little book is exquisitely printed and bound in red flexible covers. It is illustrated with accurate portraits of these valiant young Kings of Christ's Round Table, and will make a beautiful gift.

An Artist's Estimate.

You have thought on the physical side of book-making to good advantage, as the volumes with which you have had to do have considerable distinction of looks. This last is admirable and appealing, so that if one actually didn't read the contents (and I hope to do both) he would—at least—want to fondle it.—C. D. M.

From "A Priest, in Washington, D. C.

I have read "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs" with much pleasure, and no small interest; for it was my own good fortune years ago, in December, 1863, to visit the great Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris, and the seminarian who took me over the building and showed me the relics in the famous "Chamber of Horrors," where the Martyrs' instruments of torture are kept, was no other than *Henry Dore*. I also remember distinctly the features and general appearance of Just de Bretenières.

How beautiful! how inspiring! such to me are the sentiments of the three young martyrs of whom you write. It is my profound conviction that our own land will furnish just such material for the missions, if ever a seminary is opened, as at Mill Hill. Why should we not find them? Our country has many youths strong in the Faith; and love, with sacrifice, follows in her train.—T. A. M.

From Many Sources.

A beautiful copy of a very devotional book, ("Thoughts from Modern Martyrs.") I feel confident this will soon be found on the table or desk of every devout soul.—*Bishop Tierney*.

It is a little book of Martyrs' wisdom. I read it all, and I hope not without some response in my heart of hearts.—*Father Elliott, C. S. P.*

An appropriate sequel to the former, which I have read thoroughly and still take down from my shelves from time to time. *Langdon Ward of the Boston Public Library*.

It is inspiring in its substance and most tasteful and beautiful in its external presentation. I know that the Venerable Théophane Vénard is your pet, so to speak; but I am also greatly taken with Father Dore.—*Katherine E. Conway*.

Beautifully bound, beautifully printed, —a book that is far more beautiful in its contents. May it inspire in many hearts greatly increased love of God and zeal for souls.—*S. L. Emery*.

By the thoughts which it expresses, the book becomes at once a powerful missionary in itself.

There is something so magnetic about the whole work that it cannot fail to send a thrill of zeal and love for Christ's neglected ones, through the heart of every generous follower of our Lord.—*A Jesuit Scholastic*.

... The book in itself is a gem; artistic in every detail of book-making, and filled with ennobling thoughts. I sincerely hope that it will be received among even a larger circle of readers than your first publication, "A Modern Martyr" claimed, and with the equally high favor of that charming life.—*A Fellow Priest*.

You are surely doing a great and good work in bringing before the Catholics of this country such examples of heroism for the sake of religion, and so many beautiful thoughts for reflection. One cannot but feel better after reading such literature.—*A School-teacher*.

★ ★

"Pray without ceasing;
words are not necessary;
it is the heart that prays."

—Just de Bretenières.

CHINESE CATHOLICS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON has its Chinatown, and Chinatown in Boston will soon have a respectable Catholic community if the Rev. Walter J. Brown continues to make converts as at present.

Father Brown's first neophyte came to him in December, 1903, and was baptized May 15, 1904. This was Joe Fie Ark. "Joe" is an excellent type of the Chinese laundryman, and the Propagation of the Faith Office in Boston, has received several visits from him. "Joe" is now in China with his uncle, but will return to the United States next year.

Since this first baptism, Father Brown has received nine other Chinamen into the Church, including one of the well-known merchants in this

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If you are already a subscriber, will you help to add to our list by suggesting a name?



J. KWANG SOI WAI

MR. JOHN CHEMIN, now a Franciscan student.

WONG SUT WING

FONG YING

REV. WALTER J. BROWN

JOE FIE ARK

city. These converts seem to be true propagandists, enthusiastic in their faith and anxious to spread it.

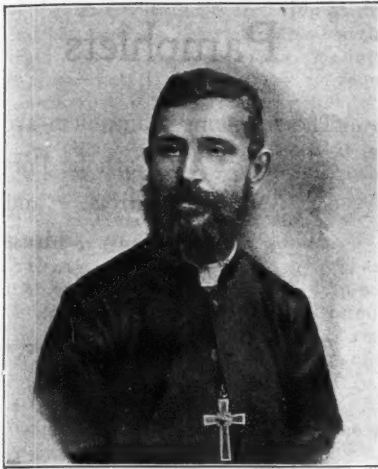
Under advice of the more prominent among these, and with the hearty approval of his Grace, Archbishop Williams, Father Brown and his Chinamen have secured a hall at the corner of Oak and Hudson Streets, where sessions will be held every Sunday afternoon. Some Catholic laymen will be encouraged to assist in this work of instructing the Chinese in catechism and also in secular branches.

It is well known that the ambitious young Chinaman in America is anxious to learn English, and this is sometimes given as his only excuse for embracing Christianity, but the sense of honor is as keen among the

Chinese as with other peoples and occasional instances of deception should never hinder our constant work for others. God brings souls to Himself in divers ways, and many a soul groping in the darkness of unbelief would to-day rejoice in the light, if in some way or other it had come into contact with Catholic life.

We congratulate Father Brown on this good work, of which he is the pioneer in the archdiocese of Boston. It has been the privilege of the Diocesan Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to supply Father Brown's converts with catechisms and other books printed in Chinese, and that office is now provided with a catalogue of more than 150 books on Catholic subjects published in that same language.

IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



RT. REV. HENRY S. VERJUS

The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart who are established at Natick, R. I., were founded at Issoudun, France, on Dec. 8, 1854, by the Rev. Jules Chevalier. Alive and active still, the venerable founder can look back with satisfaction on twenty-five years of successful work accomplished by his sons in the islands of the South Pacific.

If the reader would form an idea of the magnitude of the field ripe for missionary enterprise in Oceanica, he has only to open his atlas and glance at the well-nigh innumerable islands comprised in this vast section of the inhabited world. The islands intrusted to the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart represent three governments—Great Britain, Holland and Germany. New Guinea—which belongs to England—is one-third larger than France. The whole mission is divided into four Vicariates Apostolic and one Prefecture Apostolic. The total of missionary workers consists of 1 Archbishop, 3 Bishops, 93 Fathers, 92 Brothers, 104 Sisters, and 168 lay teachers or catechists. These several bodies operate in 136 stations, having in all 200 churches and chapels, 215 schools of various kinds, and 14 orphan asylums.

THE work of evangelizing the dusky islanders of Australasia is not of yesterday, and the examples of self-denial and whole-hearted devotion recorded in the missionary annals of the South Seas, from the time of Blessed Peter Chanel, S. M., first martyr of Oceanica, to our day, have been admirable indeed. The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have succeeded in obtaining a lasting foothold in the wildest and most insalubrious of these islands—some of them occasionally still scenes of cannibalism.

In 1881 Father Navarre, with a few companions, left Europe for his distant mission in the South Pacific, and after long delays and countless difficulties landed in New Pomerania (then New Britain). Urged by Rome to attempt an entrance into New Guinea, a land shunned by naviga-

tors and explorers because of the Kanakas' fondness for human flesh, and also because of its unwholesome climate, he sailed for Thursday Island, intending from this point to reach New Pomerania. Before he could accomplish this purpose he was joined by Father Verjus, since known as the apostle of New Guinea.

Stanislaus Henry Verjus was no ordinary missionary. Born in Italy of a French father and an Italian mother on May 26, 1860, he spent his childhood and youth in France and was sent to Rome to complete his studies. Even in those early days, before the Society which he joined later had come into existence, he was training himself for the missions, laying in a stock of such information as he deemed might prove useful in his chosen career. His was an ardent soul with a zeal proof against all odds, and an insatiable thirst to spend himself and be spent, for souls.

Ordained to the priesthood at Rome, on All Saints' Day, 1883, he embarked at Marseilles on December 18, 1884, landing on Thursday Island late in February of the following year. But Thursday is not New Guinea, and how to reach the latter destination was no small problem. There is no regular service between the two islands, and no opportunity presented itself to charter a vessel for the trip. To purchase a craft of their own seemed the only way out of the difficulty, but the priest lacked funds. Father Verjus, galled by this enforced delay, undertook to build with his own hands a boat for the perilous voyage, but was obliged to give up for lack of means. His confidence in

his Divine Master and in his heavenly Protectress, however, remained unshaken. "Now that everything has come to a hopeless pass," he remarked, "our good Master will surely act, and Our Lady of the Sacred Heart cannot fail to take the matter in hand." The sequel soon proved that he was right.

"YANKEE NED."

On April 19th, Father Navarre and Father Verjus had just said Mass when an Irishman—where are the Irish not found?—asked for the Superior and presented a stranger in shirt-sleeves, barefooted, and with unkempt beard. This individual was an American engaged in the traffic of copra (cocoanut-kernel), Edward Mosby by name, but popularly known as "Yankee Ned." He was not a Catholic, but some time before had been taken ill at Cooktown and while at the hospital he had been visited by Bishop Hutchinson. On his recovery he wished to make some return to his benefactor, and asked how he might best do so. The Bishop replied that there were at Thursday Island some French missionaries, very anxious to reach New Guinea, and that if he would take them there on one of his boats, he would render a great service. "Yankee Ned" promised at once and had come to offer his services, which were gladly accepted. So on the evening of June 19, 1885, Father Navarre, detained by his duties at Thursday, bade the little missionary band—Father Verjus, Brother Salvatore Gasbarra and Brother Nicolas Marconi—farewell and God-speed, and they joyfully weighed anchor, bound for the Promised Land. After



A MARRIED WOMEN'S SODALITY IN NEW GUINEA.

a stormy voyage and some unforeseen difficulties, they anchored in Hall Sound, directly in front of Yule Island and within sight of the mainland of New Guinea. It was the last day of the month of the Sacred Heart and the Feast of St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. On July 1st, Father Verjus went ashore on a pirogue belonging to one of the natives, and effected the purchase of a piece of land at the cost of *three shirts, three pocket knives, three hand mirrors, two small music boxes, and some tobacco*, to the unbounded delight of Chief Raouma and his family. After dinner on board, the three missionaries set to work cutting timber for their hut. The next day, Feast of the Visitation, by working steadily for fourteen hours, they succeeded in finishing their temporary dwelling. On the Fourth of July, Father Verjus celebrated the first Mass ever offered in Papua land. He intended it as the official act by which he took formal possession of the country in the name of his Master. Every year, on the Fourth of July, all the missionaries of the outlying district come together at Yule, to return solemn thanks to the Sacred Heart, to draw closer in the bonds of fraternal union, and to discuss ways and means to extend God's kingdom among their flocks.

SUCCESS.

What feelings the young priest and his still younger companions experienced when, three days later, they watched the *Gordon*, on which they had sailed, fading away in the distance, are more easily imagined than described. They were only at the beginning and the dark days were yet to come. What they suffered from fever, fatigue, privation, torture, mosquitoes, loneliness, and neglect, will be fully revealed only on the great day of general retribution. But men like Stanislaus Henry Verjus know no such word as *fail*, and if to-day New Guinea is a flourishing mission it is due to him, under God, most of all to his unflinching faith and heroic virtue. For we have here more than a born missionary—we

have a saint, as all attest who best knew him, and he has left such an impress as time will not easily obliterate. He was given but a few short years in which to accomplish the gigantic task allotted him, but more was not required. His life was the price which he gladly paid for his success; his greatest desire was to die that others might live to Christ.

In 1889 Father Verjus was nominated a titular Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of New Britain (now New Pomerania), but Father Navarre, who had been made Bishop, prevailed on the Holy See to reconsider the



A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY AND HIS "BOY"

In the forests of New Guinea.

appointment and to allow the young Bishop-elect to remain with him as his Coadjutor. His request was granted. Father Verjus was consecrated by his Superior and in his own mission, surrounded by his brave fellow-workers and by the natives whom he had so thoroughly endeared to him, the Consecrator lending him the episcopal insignia necessary for the occasion. Bishop Verjus was not yet thirty years of age. He continued with unflagging zeal, until his premature death on Nov. 13, 1893, to devote every effort to the development of his mission. He was not vouch-

Catholic Mission Pamphlets

The following pamphlets are on sale at the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, and will be mailed to any address at 5 cts. each, postpaid.

English Catholics and Foreign Missions.

Catholic Church in Japan

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Cardinal Vaughan

The Mission Field and the XIXth Century

Martyrs of Japan

Life of Father Damien

St. Francis Xavier

Chinese Wayside Tales

Martyrs of Corea

Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau

62 Union Park Street, Boston

safed the consolation of closing his brief career on the scene of his apostolic labors, but died in the land of his birth, where he had gone in the interest of his mission.

Of the two brave companions who shared Bishop Verjus's early labors and hardships in founding the mission, one, Brother Nicolas Marconi, died the following year, and the other, Salvatore Gasbarra, is still doing yeoman work in New Guinea.

Bishop Navarre continues to direct the mission. His silver hair and blanched beard testify to no end of labors and sufferings and heart pangs, for, though the manners of the savages have been softened by the influence of the Gospel, the climate remains as deadly as ever, and many a stout-hearted worker has fallen by his side since first his favorite son, and the most illustrious of all, Bishop Verjus, of blessed and sainted memory, was taken from him.

Z. PELOQUIN, M. S. C.

SUNDAY MORNING IN PARIS.

OUR train arrived at 6 o'clock. I had boarded it in Dijon at midnight, and, on a hired pillow, with a rain coat for my blanket, had managed between stops and bumps to secure some rest. The slamming of doors now warned me to get out in a hurry, and this I did, feeling about as uncomfortable as most of the other passengers looked as they filed along the platform towards the line of sharp-shooters who were waiting at the exit gate for tickets, baggage, and thieves. I took the last in a line of waiting cabmen. This is an offence in Paris, but not penal; and amid a chorus of explanations and a volley of withering glances I started in a four-wheeler, that was much the worse for wear, towards the Rue du Bac, 128, Missions Étrangères.

The morning was threatening. The cafés were being set in order and men were flushing the streets,—an operation which soon ceased, for the rain came down in torrents as we arrived at the Mission House. There was no time to parley with the driver,—I never do, in Paris. The night rate was still on, and giving the man his legal fare with a few coppers to protect him against the weather, I hastened into the court-yard, before his complaint, if there was one, could reach me.

My Mass was over and as the rain had stopped I went out from the crypt into the seminary garden. The flower beds, separated from the vegetable gardens by long paths, were fresh and beautiful. From the gray walls of the seminary the moisture was dripping and birds sang in the trees, just as if we were far in the suburbs and not at the very heart of Paris. I walked under the shadow of a group of houses,—the only dwelling-places from which one can get a close view of these sacred precincts. Chateaubriand once lived here. From this point I could get a full view of the property on which many pairs of jealous eyes are fixed to-day and for whose seizure scheming minds may even now be planning.

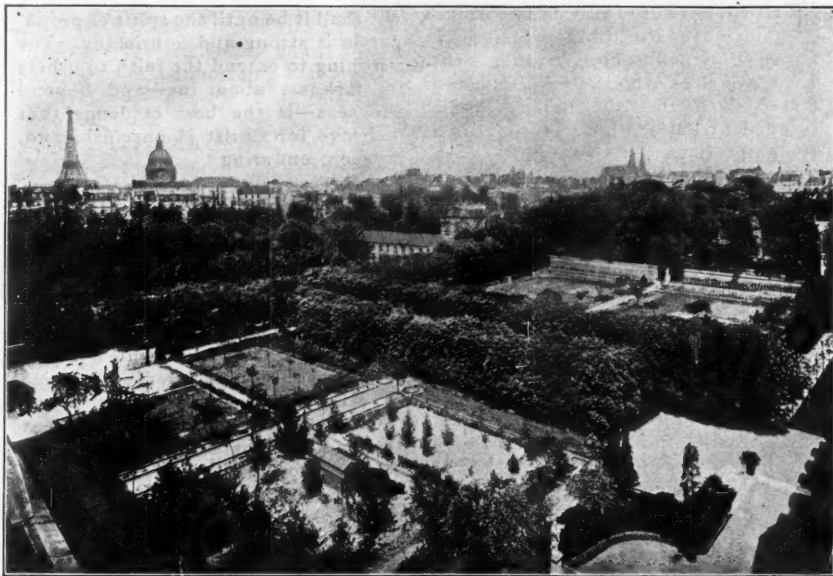
Then facing a long path which leads to the shrine of Our Blessed Lady, I went leisurely along, thinking of a former occasion when it had been my privilege to assist at the departure ceremony which habitually begins here. I recalled that day as one of gaiety, rather than of sadness, but now I wondered how those young apostles had fared in the few years which had elapsed. One who had stood in the line that day had already laid down his life for his flock in Corea, his heart riddled with bullets.

The others were still toiling in the wilderness, ripening in experience, bitter and sweet, among the shadows and lights of a heathen world. "Poor fellows," I said to myself. "Poor fools!" came the echo. Yes; they were fools, but for Christ's sake. Happy these fools and happy for the Church of Christ that she can beget such.

I had reached the shrine. It was as I left it a year before. The old Chinese gong hung in its place ready to sound the call for the next departure, and I noticed again the familiar invocations,—gilded in Latin and Chinese—Queen of Confessors, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs. I entered, still quite alone, and offered my poor prayer; then, rising, I looked over a list of names engraved in mar-

retired from the shrine to let him take sole possession. He was young and well built, about the average height. A light moustache adorned his bright, thoughtful face and he was dressed in a long blue coat and visor cap, the marching costume of the French army. I had seen him serving Mass as I left the crypt, and I knew then that he was one of the soldier students from the Missions Étrangères. Whenever the location of the barracks will permit it, these young men spend their free time at the seminary. Quite unconscious of my presence the young soldier knelt at the shrine and poured out his prayer to her whom Jesus loved.

Was he pleading for a relative, or for some sinful comrade in the barracks, or for his own tried soul I know not. Perhaps,—and it is not unusual



THE GARDEN OF THE PARIS SEMINARY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

ble at the side of the altar. They were the names of alumni who had been beatified in 1900. These were heroes; men strong with the strength of the diamond, but gentle as the woman; courageous as the most valiant soldier, but sparing their enemy always. Their warfare was not against kings of earth, but against the Prince of Darkness and the powers of hell.—Du Fresse, Gagelin, Marchand, Cornay (I recalled the matting in the Hall of Martyrs on which Father Cornay had been dismembered), Jaccard, Borie, Schoeffler, Bonnard, Chapdelaine. A foot-step sounded on the gravel walk.

It was the tread of a soldier, for I could hear the click of his bayonet scabbard against its chain. I knew at once his errand and quietly

at this shrine,—he was begging for the grace of martyrdom,—an opportunity to win some day the coveted crown and to add his name to the glorious list on the wall before him. . . . As he passed me on his return, he gave the military salute. I would have detained him, but I knew that he was hastening to report promptly to his superior, and in France the seminary-soldier enjoys no favor.

Of those who passed him that day in the streets, did anyone realize that this young soldier's heart was beating all for Christ? That under the military cap, a pure imagination had framed a picture, the foreground of which was filled with savages, and in the background was a waiting cross? Paris may have its seamy side, but Paris still nurtures saints.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Christ forced himself from the bonds of Judaism and took into His embrace the whole world. Universality was in His very nature as God. As Christians we should be other Christs, mindful of all who know him not.

It is reported that 10,000 Chinese students are studying in the schools of Tokyo, Japan.

In the Congo Free State there are five Missionary Steamers—four owned by non-Catholics. Catholics have one, which is called "Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

There have been at least two American Nuns in China—Sister Johannes O'Connell, whose brother is the Rector of the Catholic University, and Sister Catherine Buschman, lately recalled to Paris, whose brother is a Redemptorist.

The Reverend Clergy are reminded that old vestments are an acceptable gift at the Tabernacle Society connected with the Notre Dame Academy, Berkeley Street. The good ladies of this Society mend such vestments and send them to priests struggling in difficult missions.

In the initial number of *The Youths' Magazine*, published by the Dominicans, we were pleased to find an article on the Foreign Missions. It is comforting to know that the Reverend Editor appreciates the importance of bringing to the attention of young minds the great work which is waiting in the field afar.

The Catholic Missionary Union now supports missionaries in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Tennessee; and to the missions in each of these dioceses it grants \$500 a year. In the States covered by these missionaries there are about 10,000,000 souls, and of these 9,900,000 are non-Catholic.

An article in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, by Charles W. Furlong, entitled "The White Fathers of North Africa," has been warmly appreciated by Catholic readers. The photographs and drawings which illustrate it are excellent. What a pleasure to read that even Americans are represented there, as members of that valiant army of priestly workers.

A Religious drama "The Captivity and Martyrdom of Venerable Théophane Vénard" from the pen of his brother, Father Eusebius, was enacted for the first time by his parishioners in 1905. This drama is being translated and will be shortly published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau. Superiors of Colleges, Academies and Schools will do well to examine this production. The saintly character of Théophane Vénard, vividly set before our youth, will be an uplifting influence.

In New England, within the life-time of our venerable Metropolitan, progress has been phenomenal. The mustard seed has indeed become a vigorous tree whose sheltering branches protect a grateful and prosperous people. Success is not attained yet, nor shall it be until the spirit of propaganda is strong and flourishing. The yearning to extend the faith to others in darkness about us—and beyond the seas—is the best evidence that our love for Christ is unselfish, and, as such, enduring.

The devotion of Catholic-hearted Boston to the foreign missions does not—and we may add cannot—affect her continued support of home missions. As we look over the report of mission work among Negroes and Indians, our eye is caught by only one diocese, to the credit of which have been placed five figures, representing the sum of \$10,291.76. That diocese is Boston, whose annual contribution to Negroes and Indians has more than doubled since the Propagation of the Faith was organized here.

A Boston Catholic gentleman writes from Hong Kong, China, of the good work which the French Fathers are doing against apparently insurmountable difficulties. He says that the British Consul at Canton recently issued a letter tending to throw all blame for the present anti-foreign spirit of the Chinese on the missionaries in general. "This," the writer adds, "is a weak position for the consul to take, as he is trying to lay at the door of religion what is plainly the result of the commercial ambitions of the Europeans and Americans."

The Catholic Truth pamphlets published in England and more recently in the United States are awakening a wide-spread interest. Among these are several bearing on the subject of missions, and a list of such will be found in another column. For the distribution of these pamphlets several pastors in the Archdiocese of

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

by

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. Ap.

This dainty volume contains selected thoughts from the letters of three young martyr-priests, former students at the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions,

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES,
THÉOPHANE VÉNARD,
HENRI DORIE.

Each series of thoughts is prefaced by a brief and interesting account of the martyr's life, told by the editor, who has visited in France the homes and relatives of these three priests.

The book has 120 pp., printed in new Century type, on India tint paper. It is illustrated with photogravures of the three martyrs and is exquisitely bound in cloth or leather.

Price, postpaid, in Cloth, 75 cents; in Leather, \$1.00.

Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau
62 Union Park St., Boston

Boston, and elsewhere we understand, have installed, in the vestibules of their churches, racks from which, for a slight consideration, the faithful may select such pamphlets as appeal to them. This plan has already produced gratifying results.

DURING the 19th Century the missions of Cochin China and Tonquin confided to the Foreign Missionary Society of Paris had the glory of giving to God many martyrs. Among these 52 were declared Venerable by two decrees of Pope Gregory XVI. and by a decree of Pope Pius IX. Out of these forty-nine were beatified by Pope Leo XIII., in 1900. In the same century also other witnesses of Jesus Christ have added glory to the Foreign Missionary Society of Paris. Thirty-five other members of the above-named Society, or working under its direction, were declared Venerable in 1879 and 1889. Perhaps soon, we shall have the joy of numbering them among the Blessed. These include a bishop, three French priests, some Annamite priests, catechists, and Annamite and Chinese Christians of both sexes.



SEVERAL readers of *The Field Afar* and of our "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs" have asked the meaning of the monogram used on the covers of both. This monogram, which apparently contains an "X" and a "P," joined in a circle, is commonly known as the "Chi Rho" (Kee-Ro). It is the emblem of Christ, and is made up of the first two letters of the name "Christ" in Greek. It was placed by the Emperor Constantine on his standards.

The above diagram, which also contains these letters, is reproduced from a silver emblem worn by one of our Catholic laymen who is much devoted to the crucifix and who is interested in the symbols of our holy faith, especially in those which have been found in the catacombs. This gentleman writes: "In the catacombs of Rome, where were placed the names of thousands of the holy martyrs, the sacred symbol of the Chi Rho is very commonly observed. It was here that the sign was so favored and so sacred that generations of Christians have continued to make use of it as an emblem of hope on the monuments and grave-stones of the beloved dead; and so, up to this very day, no symbol, save that of the most holy cross itself, is more generally revered. There is, on one of the walls of the catacombs, a partly obliterated mural painting of this Chi Rho symbol and the above drawing is reproduced from this. The Chi Rho is placed upon the cross, and within the entrance circle of eternity is the emblem of a never-ending and most holy Trinity, while below is shown the famous ICHTHUS (See the five Greek letters in the cross-piece). "ICHTHUS," the Greek word for "fish" contains the sacred creed in support of the brave and holy martyrs: Jesus, Christos, Deus, Filius, Salvator,—Jesus Christ, God, the Son, Saviour.

"To suffer for God will henceforth be my motto.—"Henri Doris.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

CHINA.

"The present year, 1907, will complete the first century of Protestant Missions in China. This will be observed in April next at Shanghai.

Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary (an Englishman who went by way of New York, carrying a letter of introduction to the Consul at Canton, from Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State), landed at Canton, September 7, 1807. The next went in 1813; nine years later the third one arrived. China was not really open even in part to missions until 1842. The latest enumeration of Protestant missionaries in China gives the number as 3,270, of all denominations. Here follows a serial list of communicants.

1814.—1. (A young man 27 years old converted.)
1842.—6.
1860.—960.
1900.—113,000.
1905.—150,000.

Since 1860 it appears that the native church is doubling about every seven years, and the missionary force every ten years."

(American Board; Almanac of Missions, 1907).

IN THE EPISCOPALIAN BODY.

The last annual report of the treasurer of the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church in the United States shows a total offering of \$811,401.65. The total increase over the previous year was forty thousand dollars. Receipts from legacies, endowments and specials, swell the year's income of the Society to over one million and a half.

The Episcopalians lay great stress on the study of Foreign Missions in their Sunday schools. At a recent meeting in Boston, this idea was thus expressed: "We can no more keep missions out of Sunday schools than we can keep the sunlight out of the school room. . . . The burden is laid on us to go into the world and make disciples of all nations."

One of the speakers at this meeting twitted the Church on still having in its membership "little Episcopalians" who did not care to look from their own dioceses into the great beyond. "The Sunday school" he continued, "is the place where due, systematic, regular, reiterated instructions in missions should be given."

A BELGIAN MARTYR OF 1898— JOSEPH DELBROUCK.

Joseph Delbrouck was born at Boirs, in the diocese of Liege, Belgium, May 14, 1870. He entered the Franciscan Novitiate at Liege in 1889, receiving the name of Father Victorin, and was ordained priest in 1894. For a short time he was attached to the Convent at Namur and afterwards was a professor at Lakeren. He departed for the missions of China only ten years ago, and received the crown of martyrdom the 11th of December, 1898.

THE southern part of the province of Hupeh in China is crossed by many mountains whose tops are crowned by dense forests or by masses of shapeless granite. Deep ravines



JOSEPH DELBROUCK, MARTYRED 1898

serve as "beds of rivers into which swift and noisy torrents flow. Here and there immense boulders fringed with earth rear their heads, like islands in the seas. The inhabitants are uncouth, and savage. Here, from time immemorial, as lilies among brambles, a few Christians have been found: here also, secret societies,—the curse of China abound. To this district Joseph Delbrouck was sent at the beginning of the long and severe winter of 1898 to relieve an aged priest broken in health who,—the year before—had experienced all the dreadful uncertainties of a tribal persecution.

Father "Victorin" knew very well that there was danger ahead and he was not surprised when a persecution instigated by the secret societies, broke out with all the marks of demoniacal fury. A friendly chief of police warned the young priest and begged him to flee; but this was no hireling. He answered, "I cannot go as I must obey my bishop; without his permission I will not quit my post."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

November 29th the pagans sought the priest. After celebrating Mass with his beloved flock around him and giving Holy Communion to his servant, who was dangerously ill, Father "Victorin" set out, with two companions, prepared for the worst. The following

the heads of two of his native Christians. A nominal trial followed. After three days' imprisonment, on December 11th, the young soldier of Christ was led before these savages whose devilish joy knew no bounds. Their wild cries echoed along the mountains and they danced to the accompaniment of noisy cymbals, as the head of Joseph Delbrouck was struck from his body and his ardent soul rose to Him for whose sake he had left all.

A FAREWELL LETTER.

In a letter addressed to his mother and written a week before he died, this young martyr thus salutes his relatives:

"My dear mother, brother and sister: May the holy will of God be done!



SCENE OF FR. DELBROUCK'S MARTYRDOM.

day, at another Mission he celebrated Mass for the last time on earth. His journey to Calvary soon began and it was long and tedious. Climbing a steep mountain side the little group found refuge in a grotto for a short time. Father "Victorin" was captured early in December. Of his treatment at the hands of these demons, all that need be said is that his torturers kept just enough life in him to enable them to claim the reward offered for his deliverance to the authorities. The history of his sufferings recalls vividly that of his Divine Master. He was stripped of his clothing—spat upon—mocked by infamous men, and women, and lashed until the blood oozed from all parts of his weak and bruised body. He was carried to the place of execution, close to the little home which he had occupied for so brief a period and on whose doorposts he could now see, stuck on lances,

It is with a sorrowful heart that I write you. My little mission has been destroyed—residence, houses and all have been burned. I have gone to another village. In a few days the persecutors will be here. If I could only go to Confession once more! May God have pity on me! I offer my life for the conversion of the poor Chinese. My good mother, au revoir—till we meet in heaven. May the good God take care of you and bless you! After my death, pray for me and continue to love the poor Chinese. I give you my last blessing. Do not weep for me: I go to heaven where I shall pray for you. I bless all my benefactors: I shall pray for them in heaven."

FR. VICTORIN, M. Ap.

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CASTE IN INDIA.

Caste has been called the curse of India. In a good article which appeared in the December 1906 number of the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Charles Russell says that "In India, no man has any bond of brotherhood outside of his own order," i. e., outside of his social circle. He continues, "Hatred has taken the place of the instinctive interest in human welfare, that elsewhere has been the uplifting power of mankind, and men scorning those below them—scorned by those above them—live in isolated planes where alone they have human fellowship." In India men are divided into distinct classes, out of which they cannot go without being despised by all. A carpenter, for example, would die of thirst rather than drink from the glass used by a shoemaker.

Again, because in past ages a man was a carpenter or a shoemaker, his descendants must always be the same. Talent, money, education, public service, never allow one of an inferior class to rise. A man of the highest class,—e. g., a Brahmin, may be a beggar or illiterate, but in the estimation of his own class, he is a better man socially than a millionaire or a scholar of a lower caste. To lose caste is worse than death.

INFLUENCE ON RELIGION.

Caste is one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of religion. First, because a high caste person has a very powerful social influence. If he is evil-minded, he can prevent conversions.

Second, among Catholics each caste must have its own church. This multiplication of churches—there are sometimes twenty in a single mission under the care of one of our priests,—increases enormously the burden of the priests and, of course, calls for more money than the missionary can command. The result is, that, for the most part, these churches are mere hovels, miserable sheds, often threatening ruin.*

Third, Caste often controls certain avenues of employment and would deprive converts of the chance to earn a livelihood. One of our missionaries, writes: "A carpenter of my mission and his little family who desire to become Catholics will not do so, because they belong to the Caste of Carpenters which is entirely heathen." The same might be said with truth of many shoemakers, barbers and others. This is truly a sad state of affairs, and, unfortunately, there are no signs of a change for the better.

*One familiar with the conditions in Alabama will readily understand this, for the so-called Creoles of Alabama (light negroes) demand separate schools at an enormous expense to the diocese.



SEBASTIAN—MARTYR.

(Communicated.)

OVER the forest land, hallowed sixteen years before by the footsteps of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the missionary toiled wearily. He rested a moment in silent awe before the grand spectacle of sky and storm, of ice-bound rapids, of black ravines, and jagged, snow-capped cliffs amid the sweep of forest trees. His cassock was torn and dragged along the snow, his lacerated feet left their print in blood. He was unutterably weary, faint, weakened by exposure and long abstinence. Fastened about his neck, was his worn, tattered breviary—in his heart,—the eternal vows of his priesthood.

Through the trees, the great ball of flame sank behind the white world of snow; long shadows filled the forest. A stream, cold and leaden-colored, had broken through its chains of ice, and now rushed on, foaming, tempestuous, over a sharp, stony bed. Into its icy waters stepped the missionary, his feet cut and torn by its stones, his cassock clinging in icy wet folds about him. He struggled to the bank still dragging his canoe,—on into the heart of the Huron wilderness.

Under the cold light of the stars, he crept into a damp cave, devoured his last portion of Indian corn soaked in water, and placed his canoe across the mouth of the cavern. Fever was in his veins; hunger and chills had brought on delirium. Mechanically, his stiff fingers drew a black crucifix from inside his cassock; his lips touched the sacred symbol, and the son of Saint Ignatius sank into a state of half sleep, half unconsciousness. The gray skies opened, and the snows fell. He slept.

In the midst of the forest-depths nestled the little mission of the Jesuit Fathers, dedicated to their holy founder. Up among the trees, curled the smoke from the Indian wigwams;

to the streamlet that glided like a silver ribbon through the village, the elk and the moose came at daybreak to drink. The melted snow mingled with the waters of the brook, and the frosty mantle fell from the treetops in a gentle shower, frightening away the little groups of hungry snow-birds.

At dawn, the superior stood at the window of one of the buildings of the Society gazing out over the Huron Mission in its belt of snow. He sighed. "Another—yet another must have perished! Has the Society of Jesus lost one more precious life? Has even the glory of martyrdom been denied him? *Fiat voluntas Tua*. He reached for his threadbare cloak, and stepped out into the snow toward the cross-crowned chapel. Before the pine-wood altar, with its rough crucifix, and its scanty bunch of frost-nipped violets, stood the celebrant. In the room was the odor of the tobacco-plant clinging to the damp blankets of the Indian braves.

A traveller weary and foot-sore entered the village. He passed by the wigwams where a few squaws seated outside, were crooning to their papooses and watching the dried maize roasting before the fire, passed the tents of the warriors, to the heart of the village where rose the buildings of the mission.

The morning sunbeams fell aslant the crude altar, and touched the face and hair of the priest in his poor vestments; the little improvised sanctus-bell was tinkling faintly, the clergy were prostrated before the Divine Presence. An emaciated figure darkened the threshold; a stifled cry broke the silence, *Laus Deo!* and the missionary fell swooning at the doorway of the chapel. . . . For a year, Father Sebastian worked among his people in the little village of St. Ignatius, baptizing, absolving, toiling among them and for them, till the Indian women grew to use his name as a mediator with the Christian's God. Tears of holy joy were in the eyes of the Superior as he watched him. "God is indeed good," he murmured, "He will not deny to our youngest son the crown of martyrdom. May we too be found worthy!"

In the dead of a Canadian winter, the village of St. Ignatius lay sleeping away the dark hours before dawn. Father Sebastian knelt at the death-bed of a wounded Indian. He had spoken the words of absolution over the dying convert; he was pressing the Sacred Host between his lips. A piercing shriek rang through the night; in the darkness great tongues of flame crept up from the palisades. In the fierce glare the Mission Build-

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ings were plainly visible; fiendish war-whoops mingled with cries of agony; dark figures, with halberts gleaming in the firelight, were grouped about the buildings of the Society. The long desired hour for martyrdom had come, and it found Sebastian ready, waiting! The startled birds flew from the tree tops, away from the glare of the flames. Through the village sped the ponies of the massacred Hurons, over the charred and mangled bodies, into the forest-depths.

Pierced by arrows, gashed with wounds, his cassock in shreds, Father Sebastian passed among the wounded speaking hasty words of absolution sprinkling the waters of baptism over those who begged for a place in the Christian's paradise, teaching his people to die as he had taught them how to live.

The wigwams and the buildings of the Jesuits, all were smoking ruins. The victorious Iroquois were holding their unholy war-dance on the site of the doomed village. Father Sebastian crawled towards the altar

with its half-burned crucifix, *that* alone remained of the Mission Chapel. In the snow near him, lay a mortally injured Indian woman, groaning in agony over the mutilated body of her child. In the magic presence of the priest, she ceased her cries, kissed the crucifix he held out to her, and died amid the wounded missionary's tender ministrings and messages of peace. A group of mounted, whooping Iroquois rushed towards them; they had perceived the figure of the Jesuit. Sebastian rose, a divine light in his eyes, and faced them. He tore open his cassock; a flight of arrows pierced his body. Before the radiance of the martyr's death-smile, the awed savages marveled in brooding silence.

The Mission of St. Louis was warned; its women and children fled for safely to the forest. Among its warriors stood Father de Breboeuf, exhorting them to hope and courage. Far away, he still saw the line of smoke that rose from the ashes of St. Ignatius. Perhaps, for a moment the warrior of the Church forgot the wild scene about him, the cold, the dangers, the horrors of the little mission; once more he stood with the "Gentle Lallemand" before the fire in the convent library in France, where the old portrait of the soldier-saint smiled down upon them at their work. Then he thought of those about him; of all the years of danger, of work, of hardships shared with them. He remembered only the watch-word of his Order; he longed to die as he had long since sought to live, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. Suddenly, he beheld, crawling along in the snow, a man wounded, in a black robe, ever drawing closer to him. He started. It was the figure of Father Sebastian, of him whom the missionary supposed already numbered among the Martyrs of the Society of Jesus. He stood before Father de Breboeuf; he smiled; the arrows fell from his body and lay harmless at his feet. The youthful face changed to one older, calm, sanctified.

"St. Ignatius!"

Dazed, trembling, speechless, Father de Breboeuf fell at the feet of the vision. Suddenly a voice thrilled him. "My son, fear not. I know your patience, your many sufferings, and your heroism, I have been with you you through it all. I have come back to finish the work of him who perished in the wilderness. Know, my son, that no work remains incomplete. Our tasks, left when God calls us, are finished for us. The work of Father Sebastian who died amid the storm in the forest, was to labor among his people, to suffer for Christ's sake un-

merited contempt, calumnies, and insults, to await martyrdom in God's own time. God accepted his sacrifice. Behold, I have been permitted to take up and complete his task. Do thou watch and pray, laboring ever for the greater glory of God!"

The vision faded, the Jesuit missionary turned towards his post. Borne on the wind came the far off battle-note, the war whoop of the Iroquois!

Later came the night of agony, the torture, the ignominy, the martyrdom, then—*consummatus est!*

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The *Courier* of Vienna says of this Drama: "It will be of interest to all young people, to Associations, Societies, Colleges and Schools. This superb drama, so well balanced, interpreted by young and sensitive souls will call forth holy and pure feelings and arouse that burning enthusiasm of which the Catholic faith alone has the secret. Its production will be a powerful sermon, because from the first line to the last it awakens the noblest sentiments of the human soul. In our day it is of vital importance to show to people how our Christian heroes live, speak and die.

In this drama, the figure of Théophane Vénard, interesting on account of his qualities of heart and intellect is revealed in the splendor of Divine Grace.

All superiors should, include in their repertoires this beautiful drama which teaches such incomparable lessons for Christian youth.

OUR YOUNG APOSTLES.



BOYS AND GIRLS IN CHINA.

My dear apostles:

I am sure that your generous hearts go out to all who are not so fortunate as yourselves. Living in this beautiful civilized country, cared for by loving parents, brothers and sisters, it is hard for you to understand that there are children in other parts of the world who suffer from the very moment of their birth, and who are indeed fortunate if allowed to live at all. You might wish to hear a few things about Chinese children. Many Chinese have no love for little girls, and, when one is born, what happens?

Don't faint now! She is either thrown out into the road, to be food for the dogs and pigs; or treated as a kitten and drowned; or sold to the good Sisters for twenty cents. Just as wagons go about the streets, where you live, to collect ashes, paper and old rubbish, so men push carts along the roads of China, stopping now and then to pick up a live or dead baby girl. This is awful, but it is true. Priests and Sisters are kept busy rescuing these little ones,—baptizing some just before life leaves the body, bringing others to the homes provided by the alms of the faithful of the world. That is very cruel you say. Father Ignatius thinks so too, but the religions of the Chinese teach that children are mere animals and have no souls until they begin to teethe: Imagine your parents thinking that about you!

HOW TO SAVE THESE LITTLE ONES.

Now it is to draw people away from these horrible religions that our missionaries, young men and young women, leave father, mother, and all. And it is to help these good priests and sisters that I ask you to become fervent apostles—and to try to get others to be interested in "THE FIELD AFAR", and through this paper in the work of the propagation of the faith.

Most Chinese will not spend a cent for the education of their daughters—they have more affection for their *birds* than they have for their children. It is no uncommon sight to see a man in China take his thrush, sparrow or canary out to walk in the

evening, as we take out a dog for exercise. They carry the birds in cages, and the number of birds indicates the wealth of the owner. Some carry the birds on a stick, which acts as a perch, to which one foot is so tied that the bird may fly for a short distance but can not escape.

A QUEER KIND OF PRESENT.

HOW surprised your good father would be, if, on his next birthday, an express wagon should draw up to your house and leave a *coffin* "with his children's dearest love" and with "best wishes for many returns" written on a card attached. I imagine that your father would not be pleased and would think that you were in a hurry to have him die. Well, a Chinese father is 'tickled' when he

noise in that schoolroom, especially when there are many scholars. He goes to his teacher, then, with his back turned, yells the long sentence,—which he has learned by heart without understanding its meaning at all. Up to recently this was the extent of Chinese education,—the training of the memory. After three or four years of such study children are taught to write the characters. The written language is entirely different from the spoken. It is said that there are at least two hundred kinds of Chinese spoken language. Well, well! here I am, near the bottom of the page, so I'll ask you to wait for more news until our next issue. In the meantime "get busy" and work like young apostles and send Father Ignatius some names of people who would like to see a copy of THE FIELD AFAR.



• CHINESE BOYS AT SCHOOL

receives such a gift; no more acceptable present could be offered to a parent. The Chinese are not much troubled about a future state, but they do bother about their coffins, and you may be sure they would show such a gift to every visitor, telling at the same time, how good the child was to thus remember his parents.

A SCHOOL ROOM IN CHINA

LET us take a peep into a Chinese School. The master stands with an open book before him, and a stick in his hand, and the scholars can tell you that he knows how to use it. The pupils approach in turn, each keeping his eyes on his own book while the teacher reads a line or two. Then the scholar hurries back to his place and begins to *shout* his lesson hundreds of times until he cannot forget it. I leave you to imagine the

The subscription is only 50 cents a year. If you send me five names with \$2.50, I will mail you a pretty stick pin; if you send ten names with \$5.00 you will receive a copy of "The Modern Martyr"; if you send more, I don't know what I'll send you, but it will be something nice.

FATHER IGNATIUS,
62 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

A Photogravure of Théophane Vénard, Just de Bretenieres or Henri Dorie, neatly framed in leather, will be forwarded to any address for thirty cents, or will be sent free with any order for three books.

AN EASTER OFFER

A Modern Martyr, An American Missionary, Thoughts from Modern Martyrs, Framed Photogravure, Subscription to The Field Afar.

All of the Above Sent, postpaid, to any Address for \$3.00.



"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost."—JOHN vi., 12.

REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. Ap.,
DIRECTOR IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON,
62 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Prayers are asked for the deceased members of the S. P. F.:

John McGarvey, No. Chelmsford, Mass.; Mary McEnaney, No. Chelmsford, Mass.; David Nagle, Peabody, Mass.; Margaret Carroll, Malden, Mass.; Annie Lynn, Malden, Mass.; Elizabeth McClary, Malden, Mass.; Bridget McQuigan, East Boston, Mass.; Catherine Gallagher, Lowell, Mass.; Catherine McDermott, Hudson, Mass.; John Collins, Hudson, Mass.; Lizzie Conlin, Hudson, Mass.; James Collins, Hudson, Mass.; Catherine Rafferty, Hudson, Mass.; Margaret Nolen, Roxbury, Mass.; Johanna Lynch, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. MacBride, West, Newton, Mass.; Julia Murphy, Jamaica Plain; Catherine Murphy, Jamaica Plain; Dennis Murphy, Jamaica Plain; Michael J. Donovan, Roxbury, Mass.; Frank Tuckerman, Roxbury, Mass.; William Smart, South Boston; William M. Smart, South Boston; Barbara Middleton, South Boston; Jane Lynch, South, Boston; Anna Kelley, South Boston; Joseph Morgan, South Boston; Margaret Quilty; John Ready, Lowell, Mass.; Mary Clotier, Lawrence, Mass.; John Cadigan, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. J. Cadigan, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Rechal, Canton, Mass.; William Fox, Canton, Mass.; Mary E. Murphy, Newburyport, Mass.; Ellen Ward, No. Chelmsford, Mass.; Catherine Burns, Boston, Mass.; Lucy Clancy, Boston, Mass.; Michael Kelley, Charlestown, Mass.; Bridget Kelley, Charlestown, Mass.; Bernard Donlevey, Charlestown, Mass.; James Killion, Roxbury, Mass.; Mary Harney, Jamaica Plain, Dr. O. M. Sheridan, Jamaica Plain; Nettie Ryan, Jamaica Plain; Mary MacNaughton, Roxbury, Mass.; Francis Donlevey, Charlestown, Mass.; John F. Christy, Charlestown, Mass.; Thomas Laughlin, Charlestown, Mass.; Ellen Devine, Charlestown, Mass.; Michael Howard, Lowell, Mass.; Francis Bannigan, Lowell, Mass.; William Finneran, Roxbury, Mass.; George Donnelly, Lowell, Mass.; Elizabeth Laughlin, Lowell, Mass.; Thomas Houghton, Lowell, Mass.; James Donovan, Lowell, Mass.; Margaret A. Gorman, Boston, Mass.; Honora Condon, Rockport, Mass.; Bridget Kilkenny, Boston, Mass.; Mary Duffy, Somerville, Mass.; Bertha Ballan, West Roxbury, Mass.; Catherine Foy, Rhode Island; Thomas Taylor, Rhode Island; Zenaide Bernard, Salem, Mass.; Elmire Martel, Salem, Mass.; Ellen Donnelly, Ireland; Daniel Duffy, Brookline, Mass.

"If we meet nations still buried in error and vice, nations deprived of the light of Christian civilization, it is not that the Blood of Jesus Christ has lost its healing and regenerating power. It is that God will not save men without men, and He awaits the co-operation of all those on whom He has deigned to shower abundantly the merits and glories of His redemption."—Bishop Padela.

The birth year of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is coincidental with that of the Venerable Archbishop of Boston, 1822. The Annals, the official organ of the Society, are now in their eighty-fifth year.

The systematic organization of this work in the archdiocese of Boston began under the direction of the Reverend Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., M. Ap., in 1898. Its record has been one of progress, giving clear proof that if our Catholic people are made sufficiently acquainted with the mission needs they will respond.

The offices of the Society in Boston are very unpretentious. The Director has often thought to photograph the establishment within and without, but has wondered if the "game was worth the candle." These offices occupy one small house in a block of three, a frame building of two stories and an attic with low-pitched roof which sags in the middle; yet the place is cozy enough, and its poverty did not prevent some \$50,000 passing in and out last year. It was also honored during the year by the visits of an Archbishop, several bishops, well-known American priests, and last, but not least, worthy missionaries from the field afar. Perhaps some day, considering all these indications of its value, a photograph of the plant will be reproduced on this page. In the meantime, our readers may be assured of a welcome whenever they wish to call. The offices are at 62 Union Park Street, in the Cathedral precincts and are open daily from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M. By special arrangement the Director can be seen at other hours. The telephone number is Tremont 739-2.

Words of encouragement are always welcome, but never more so than when they come from the clergy; and it has been the pleasant experience of the Diocesan Director to receive from his co-workers in the various branches many assurances of continued and even increased support. Several Directors have already urged their promoters to become interested in *The Field Afar* and have sent in lists of paid subscribers.

Others have thoughtfully suggested means of spreading *The Field Afar*, as also the two books, "A Modern Martyr" and "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs," in the belief that untold good will thereby result, not only for the missions, but for the personal sanctification of the readers who will thereby come into touch with the missionary spirit.

The latest report is the best of all, but we must not stop here. "To remain stationary is to die," so we must push ahead with a consciousness that every promoter, nay—even each new member secured, will enable our apostles to plant a little further the standard of the cross. Here is the year's account for the archdiocese of Boston:

RECEIPTS IN 1906.	
Branch Returns, excluding Perpetual Membership.....	\$37,612.40
Perpetual and Special Memberships.....	7,893.11
Special Donations to General Fund.....	1,299.79
Donations for Special Missions, including Mass Intentions...	4,650.13
Mite Boxes.....	674.34
Bequests.....	628.65
Sales and Subscriptions to "Annals".....	46.21
Interests on Bank Deposits....	437.74

Totals.....\$53,242.37

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Stationery, Pamphlets, Printing and Office Supplies.....	\$502.05
Postage, Express and Messenger Service.....	552.73
Reference Books and Periodicals.....	267.04
Travelling, including visit to Missionary Conference.....	190.02
Office Expenses.....	450.45
Salaries: Rev. Diocesan Director.....	800.00
Secretaries and occasional extra services.....	933.93
Remitted to central Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.....	48,620.15
Remitted directly to missionaries	926.00

Total.....\$53,242.37

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MISSIONS HELPED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Diocesan Office, Net Returns..\$49,546.15
Collections reported through the Chancery Office.....1,541.95

Total Contribution.....\$51,088.10

Here is the type of letter which brings encouragement to the Director. It reveals the true Christian mother.

DEAR FATHER WALSH:

Enclosed find list of members. I hope within a few weeks to be able to send several other names. I have two families in view and the first afternoon that I can spare I will call on them and will try to interest them in this good work. It requires so little effort on my part to get the members. Every one seems so willing to join. Dear Father, your letters coming once or twice a year are indeed an encouragement for me to try and do a little more. You tell us of the great need, and you also tell us what a great help our little mites are. May God grant that you may be greatly encouraged this coming year in your noble work, by great financial increase and also some new American priests for the Foreign Missions. I have just finished reading a "Modern Martyr": I could not help thinking while reading it, how beautiful to be the mother of such a son. I have three boys; perhaps God may choose one to be a missionary. Whatever their calling, may God grant they may live for the honor and glory of God. May God bless you and your noble work.

Have you ever seen an S. P. F. mite box?

Occasionally we are told that it is too large but, as a rule, the little missionary returns quite well filled, and our benefactor usually remarks that it became so in a very short time. We suggest the mite box for such as cannot become promoters or members; also for parents, that they may thereby train their little ones to make sacrifice offerings. Lent and Advent are the special seasons for the service of a mite box.

CONTRIBUTION BOX.

SINCE the beginning of the year the S.P.F. returns have been as follows:

From branches in the archdiocese, \$4,732.25.

From parishes without branches in the archdiocese, \$6.60.

From dioceses where the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is not organized, \$724.50.

Special donations have been received for Japan, Borneo, China, Africa, Porto Rico, Oceanica, Philippines, and for Indian and Negro missions in the United States.

Twenty-five perpetual memberships have been taken out.

FIRST FRUITS.

THE seed-sowing of the first issue of *The Field Afar* has already brought fruit for the missions. Through Father Lyons, the Branch Director in Marblehead, twenty-five dollars have come to the Diocesan Office, the gift of Mr. John O'Donnell and his family, for a year's support towards educating a Chinese student.

THE RISING LIST.

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been coming in steadily,—some through the mail, others brought directly to the diocesan office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Stamps, checks, post-office orders, even silver and bills have been used as the medium of exchange. Silver came embedded in cardboard, and the familiar dollar bill meant always a double subscription.

Father Merritt's parish at West Medford, small in numbers but large of heart, increased its list to thirty-four subscribers. Special lists have also been received from our Branch Directors or their secretaries at the Cathedral, St. Joseph's, All Saints, and Notre Dame in Boston; from Abington, Ipswich, Malden (Immaculate Conception and Sacred Heart), Lowell, Rockland and Natick.

Father O'Reilly, O. S. A., the energetic pastor of St. Mary's Lawrence, refers to *The Field Afar* in his Monthly Bulletin, and urges every promoter to try to get subscribers.

Two of our promoters (a mother and daughter) have already secured nineteen names, while another has sent us no less than forty-one subscriptions.

Some of our promoters have in the past found it difficult to keep up the interest of their members. One reason for this is that many members cannot or do not attend the promoter's meetings and consequently lose the opportunity to receive encouragement and instruction from the Branch Director. We urge each pro-

moter to bring *The Field Afar* to the notice of members. This little paper, if circulated among the members of a band, will make the promoter's task a pleasant one and will surely win many friends to the world-wide cause.

The Field Afar should be sent to missionaries,—priests, brothers and nuns—in all parts of the world, especially to those who speak or who at least read the English language. It should also be placed in the hands of young men and women preparing for the service of the Church,—in Colleges, Academies, Seminaries and Novitiates. From time to time copies should be forwarded to the several classes of the laity with a view to secure a much-to-be-desired lay co-operation. Subscriptions or donations will be gladly received for these special purposes, and will be properly acknowledged,—the preference of the benefactor being noted.

IN answer to the request contained in the above paragraph and appearing in our first issue, the sum of \$105. was received, representing the offerings of thirty-four subscribers. Ten of these offerings came from outside the diocese;—a New England Bishop paid for twenty subscriptions to spread the work; the editor of *The Ecclesiastical Review* asked that his twenty subscriptions be applied to twenty boys' schools; the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., enclosed five dollars to extend the circulation. A gentleman in Boston, well known for his charities, sent \$25 immediately to encourage the literary propaganda of Mission news. From another frequent benefactor whose heart is open to every need, \$10 was received; and two non-Catholics,—one a Public Library official, the other prominent in Boston musical circles, sent respectively three and six dollars. Both of the last-mentioned are warm admirers of Théophane Vénard, one of them having read "A Modern Martyr" three times in the past few months.

A priest of the Boston Archdiocese enclosed in his letter, which follows, a generous check for the spread of mission literature. He writes:

AND now another literary effort is realized in *THE FIELD AFAR*. Keep stoutly on for the workers are few in that line, and it is time that minds be opened to receive those saving truths for which men and women are dying in our age, but almost without our knowledge, despite the wide-spread power of the press. More power to you then in bringing home to us this grand work of Catholic missions and missionaries. We stay-at-homes need to have our knowledge broadened, and you are doing that work for us through your publications.

With eyes opened to conditions

Send *The Field Afar* to some friend.

It is only Fifty Cents a year.

among our missions, and who shall deny that generally they are pitiable, it is to be hoped that our charity will bud forth and blossom with good deeds towards these heroic souls and their brothers who sit in darkness, not seeing the "Light that enlighteneth the world."

These are expressions of some feelings, and having expressed them, I come now to act in a small way. Please send me three copies of "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs," and forward to the following addressees, your *Field Afar*. I enclose ten dollars. If you wish, the extra may be used for free copies or for the material support of the paper. . . .

A newspaper man, Catholic to the core, sends these characteristic lines:

"Enclosed find postal order for \$4.00. Please send me a copy of 'A Modern Martyr,' intended as a gift to a local priest. 'Chip in the rest' to any mission you please. It is part of the year's accumulation of our mission box, which gathers easily and is an unfelt burden.

Sincerely yours,
H. F. G."

WITH FIVE DOLLARS IN CHINA.

☞ \$5.00 is the average sum spent for 15 visits to the poor in the villages. Fifteen visits generally represent about 250 baptisms of dying babies, frequently more, in the many epidemics of China. If 24 persons could give \$5.00 yearly, the visitations of the poor for 12 months would be assured.

☞ \$5.00 is the board of an orphan, a cripple, or a catechumen; or of a baby out at nurse for six months; of an old man or woman or a little apprentice in the Technical Schools for 5 months (at the end of a year, an apprentice ought to be earning something towards his own maintenance); or of a sick person in a hospital for 4 months.

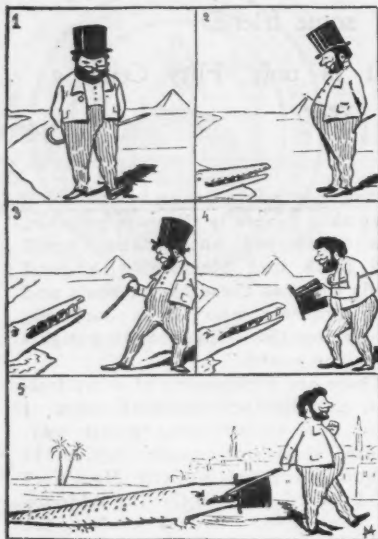
☞ \$5.00 is the average cost of sufficient rice to feed 400 persons for one day or to give two dinners to the same number.

A Propagation of the Faith Mite.

Box for mission-aims will be mailed, on application, to any address.

PÊCHE DE TARTARIN.

Un jour que je me promenois penché sur les bords du Nil....



... et le soir nous célébrâmes triomphalement au Caire

—Almanach des Missions.

Washington Press

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